THE MEASURE OF A MAN

JAMIE HERON

Class PS3515
Book .E67M4
Copyright No. 1923

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

THE MEASURE OF A MAN

The Measure of a Man

And Other Songs of Work and Cheer

BY

JAMIE HERON

PUBLISHERS

BARSE & HOPKINS

NEW YORK, N. Y. NEWARK, N. J.

PS3515
.E67M4
1923

Copyright, 1923, by
BARSE & HOPKINS

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

NOV 22 '23
©CIA759943

DEDICATED TO ALL BUSINESS MEN

Here, take these verses, business men,
And read them over now and then.
I've written most of them, you see,
To help me sell myself to me.
And you may find a thought or two
To help you sell yourself to you.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
The Measure of a Man	9
Otherism	11
Listen	13
Keep On, Keeping On	15
Others and Company	17
The Eight Hour Day	19
To Rotary	21
The Man Inside	22
Let's Go!	23
Business Is Business	26
The Need of the Hour	29
Leaders of Men	31
Cheer Up!	34
The Land of Never-Grow-Old	36
Keep Under Control	39

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Thankfulness	42
My Two Friends	44
Faugh-a-Ballagh!	46
Bonus—What For?	48
The Chase	50
Mamoose	53
God's Garden	54
We Builded Ships	57
In Flanders Fields	59
Let Poppies Grow	60
To a Cootie	62
Teddy and the Enemy	69
John Barleycorn, Adieu!	78
Steel, America's National Cream	81
The Chiefest	84
Thou'rt Gone, But Singing Still	88
Fishing	89
God's Great Out-o'-Doors	91
Sunset	93
Sink the Ships of War	96

CONTENTS

	PAGE
To Harry Lauder	98
Sir Harry Lauder's Greeting to America	103
John Barleycorn at Sea . . .	106
The Law	109
Temperance	112
"That's How You Fixed It" . . .	114
To Eddy Guest	117
A Wish	119
If I Were a Foreman	120
Will to Win!	121

THE MEASURE OF A MAN

When in the silence of the night,
When darkness hugs the world so tight,
When all is hushed and quiet with sleep
And haunting memories 'round me creep;
  When I can spend that hour alone
  And find the man I've never known;
  When I can meet him face to face
  And there commune with me apace;

When I can take myself in hand
And measure up just where I stand;
When I can gaze into my heart
And see my worth upon life's chart;
  When I can look back o'er the road
  And count the times I've shirked my load,
  And estimate the hours I've spent
  On things that were not permanent;

When I can realize the crime
Of spending worthlessly my time;

THE MEASURE OF A MAN

When I can call things by the name
I ought to, and accept the blame;
  When I can place where it belongs
  The reason for my countless wrongs;
  When I can pile in one great heap
  My faults, the harvest I shall reap,

Then knowing what I am, can say,
"From this time onward, from today,
I'll work, and serve and will to win
To mould a better man within."
  So, when I turn the searchlight on
  My faults—behold, all will be gone,
  And there shall stand revealed to me
  The Man God meant that I should be.

OTHERISM

It matters not where I may go
To grammar school or college;
It matters not how much I know,
If I but use that knowledge
For others.

It matters not what I may do
In business or profession;
I only know I must be true
To make a true impression
On others.

It matters not what I may think
At work, at play, or rest;
It matters not, if I but sink
All selfish thoughts and think the best
Of others.

OTHERISM

It matters not what men may say;
It matters not what men may give;
'Tis my resolve that, day by day,
I'll do my best to give and live
For others.

LISTEN

Are you living in this great age,
Or only passing through?
Have you turned to a clean new page
To write your life anew?

Do you know that the past has fled
With all of its hate and strife,
And that you might as well be dead
As live in that past life?

Do you know that to live means work
And ultimate happiness,
And that failure and death both lurk
In constant idleness?

Do you know that success is sure
If you want it hard enough;
And prosperity will endure
If you've the proper stuff?

LISTEN

Do you know that it's up to you
To work, succeed, and live?
But first you must be true,
And learn to give, and give, and *give!*

KEEP ON, KEEPING ON

Say you're broke and busted,
You're tired and disgusted,
And everything seems out of gear;
And the friends that you had
All declare that you're mad,
And say that you're nutty and queer.

As you struggle and scheme
In unfolding your dream,
The dream you've put all your heart in,
If you set your own pace
With a smile on your face
And keep on, keeping on, you'll win!

And if business is bad
Don't look glum or feel sad,
Or knock the condition of trade;
Ten to one you will find
By adjusting your mind
And your effort, and better the grade

KEEP ON, KEEPING ON

Of goods in your store,
You will profit far more
Than the grouch that you once had been.
So keep smiling away,
And improving each day,
And keep on, keeping on, and you'll win!

Every failure in life,
Every struggle and strife
That comes to you, average man,
Is caused by your shifting
And heedlessly drifting
Far off from your God-given plan;

For the dreams of your youth
Are all founded on truth,
And if kept from pollution of sin
Will start your thought right
For life's strenuous fight.
So, keep on, keeping on, and you'll win!

OTHERS AND COMPANY

If I were in business, employing men,
I'd talk to myself like this now and then,
"This is a wonderful business I've got,
But is it mine, yes, is it mine or not?
O yes, I know that my money is in it,
Yes, and it's true that I did begin it,
But, is it mine? Does it belong to me
Or to Others,—Others and Company?

"Others and Company—that's not a new firm,
No, they've been in business now quite a term,
Fact is, they started in business with me;
My patrons are, Others and Company.
They are the ones I owe everything to,
And now, man to man, let me tell you true,
I smile whenever my customers call;
But for them I'd have no business at all.

"So that's why I'm happy, that's why I'm free,
That's why business does not worry me,
And those who work with me helping me serve,
(They do not work for me. My! that is
nerve).
They're happy in serving because they know
That in serving, men and business will grow."
That's what I'd say to myself now and then,
If I were in business, employing men.

THE EIGHT HOUR DAY

"The eight hour day has come to stay.
Be Dad, it has!" says Pat,
"And I'm the man who says the plan
Is not so bad at that.
For if ye work and do not shirk
'Tis plenty long enough,
But when the rest don't do their best
The day is long and tough.

"For eight hours' pay I'll work each day;
Be Dad, I will!" says Pat.
"Each minute to, is what is due
To make the eight hours fat;
So, Mike and Jim and Bill and Tim,
Come, pledge your efforts too.
Jump in and lead and set the speed
And make our service true.

THE EIGHT HOUR DAY

"The man who'll skimp 's a dirty shrimp.
Be Dad, he is!" says Pat.
"And his own kind must change his mind
And punish men like that;
So let us fight for what is right
For boss and working man;
Hip, hip, hurray! for this new day,
The eight hour working plan!"

TO ROTARY

O, it's great to belong to Rotary
And serve your fellowman,
"He profits most who serves the best"
Upon the Rotary plan.
Around the world it's going,
This brotherhood of man;
O, it's great to belong to Rotary
And be a Rotarian.

O, it's great to belong to Rotary
A hundred thousand strong,
Men of every nation
Are happy to belong;
The movement's ever growing
To help the world along;
O, it's great to belong to Rotary
And sing this Rotary song.

THE MAN INSIDE

There's a man inside of the man that you are,
And he's bigger than you, yes, bigger by far;
And he's checking you up in every way,
And for each transgression he makes you pay;
And for each good deed he will pay to you
A reward far beyond the price that is due.
So be good to him and respect this man,
Believe in his judgment, nor fear his ban.

There's a man inside of the man that you are;
If you listen to him you will travel far;
So listen and heed; don't be a fool,
And do what you do by the Golden Rule,
And build the man as you would a ship,
Sturdy and true for life's service trip;
And trust him well, he's your compass and
guide,
And ever respond to the man inside.

LET'S GO!

When America's "Best"
Had a big job to do,
They didn't ask why,
Where, nor whimper; they knew
That they were expected
To see the job through.
So they said,
"Let's Go!"

When American boys
Are competing at sport,
They care not for records,
Opponents report;
They practice to win and
Their only retort
Is, "Come on,—
"Let's Go!"

When American women
Were after the vote,

LET'S GO!

They struggled until they
Had the Government's "goat,"
And they jammed the bill through
And they did it, you'll note,
With the spirit of,
"Let's Go!"

He who would win in the
Biggest way, is the man
Who will honestly serve
And will do all he can
To help other men build and
Unfold their life's plan,
By leading and saying,
"Let's Go!"

So will that Nation rise
To a life that will last,
When her people work
And forget the past,
And will join other lands
In trade 'fore the mast,
And say to the world,
"Let's Go!"

LET'S GO!

Yes, American men,
There is a big work to do,
If world leaders you'd be,
And see the job through;
Get busy with business,
This slogan's for you—
Now say altogether,
"Let's Go!"

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

"Business is business,"
We've often been told,
Successful business
Is measured in gold,
Do the other chap first
Or he'll do you,
Trust no man, not one,
For no man is true.

Each man for himself,
"Old Nick" for the last,
Are terms in business
We've used in the past;
And we cared not how
We were cussed and slammed,
But we got all we could,
And the public be damned.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

"Business is business,"
Just what we think it,
It may be a god,
Maybe a trinket,
It may be a mill
For grinding out gold,
A mart where humans
Are bartered and sold;
It may be a trap
To catch all we can,
A snare for strangling
Our fellow man;

It may be a virile,
Strenuous game
Which we play to win
Both glory and fame;
It may be a ladder
To climb to power,
To be hailed by the crowd
As the man of the hour;
It may be a joy-ride
Of riot and dash
To gather a "rep"
For spending the cash;

Or, it may be a service
To human kind
And such it *will* be when
You make up your mind.

"Business is business,"
And when understood,
Business is service
For all human good;
And service means striving
Always to give
Sincere effort, aiding
Others to live;
Trusting all men,
All men will trust you,
Believing all men,
For all men are true;
Then success and happiness
Come without strife;
For business is service,
And service is *life*.

THE NEED OF THE HOUR

The need of the hour
Is the will to work,
To kill all desire
To loaf and to shirk;
To fill every minute
From sun to sun
With constant endeavor
And work well done;
So the ideals we fought for
Over in France
Shall be lived day by day
In our Peace advance.

The man of the hour
Is the man who'll produce;
Who'll multiply effort,
Who will not reduce;
Who'll sacrifice even
Personal gain

THE NEED OF THE HOUR

For the need of the hour,
And world trade maintain;
A man so honest
He'll fearlessly dare
To urge his companions
To do their share.

The need of the hour
Is the will to trust;
Believe in each other,
'Tis wise, 'tis just;
Believe and proclaim
The man's the thing.
If his heart be true
And have the right ring,
Though he work with his hand,
His head, or gold,
He's a God of a man,
A joy to behold.

LEADERS OF MEN

Leaders of men, where have you been?
Why are ye not leading your men?
Why are ye not forging ahead?
Know ye not that men want to be led?
Why persist in driving behind,
When men if led will follow blind?

Leaders of men, the day is past
When humans as mere machines are classed,
When underpaid are underfed.
Men do their work because they dread,
Men are driven who work for need,
And do no more than earn their feed.

Leaders of men, because ye have
But made your fellow man your slave;
Because of selfish lust for gain
And business ethics to maintain;
Because ye would not take the helm—
Others have risen outside your realm.

LEADERS OF MEN

Leaders of men, do ye not know
The child is born and he must grow
To follow, or one chance in ten
Perhaps he may lead other men?
Whether leading or following still he can
If led aright become a man.

Leaders of men, do ye not see
Your great responsibility?
For men who follow must advance,
And to be happy must have a chance
To achieve their very life's ambition,
Which means to better their condition.

Leaders of men, your attitude
Must be sincere and understood,
But if your friendliness is "bluff,"
Your men will hate you, like enough;
While familiarity that's true
Will bind all men in love to you.

Leaders of men, you'll see your men
Not working for, but *with* you then,
To help you serve humanity,
The servants that you ought to be;

And you will profit none the less
But add success and happiness.

Leaders of men, you who employ,
No other way can you bring joy,
No other way can you supplant
False leadership men do not want,
But leading with sincerity
Will bring to all prosperity.

CHEER UP!

There is nothing so bad that
It cannot be worse;
There is no cloud so dense
The sun cannot disperse;
Oh, the winter is long but
The spring comes at last
With renewal of life; let's
Forget the dark past;
Let the days be all sunshine
And laughter and love.
Cheer up! see through the
Clouds, the sun is above.

There are men who are always
Looking for trouble,
And finding it wonder
Why it comes double;
There are men who say, "Business
Has all gone to Hell!"

And it has, just for them,
Because gloom cannot sell.
Cheer up! success follows
The man who will smile;
Who makes little of trouble
With business worth while.

Cheer up and be happy,
'Tis a message of cheer,
Cheer up and get busy,
There's nothing to fear;
For trouble is nothing
But thought after all,
So, we may as well think it
Is nothing at all;
Life's just what we make it,
So let's, while we're here,
Cheer up! and be happy—
There's nothing to fear!

THE LAND OF NEVER-GROW-OLD

Come, live with me in the
Land of Never-Grow-Old,
Where the secret of life is,
There life to unfold.
In the beauty of all its
Surroundings we'll live
With other good fellows
Who live just to give,
And be happy in doing
The best that they can
To aid others in living
And building the man.

The Land of Never-Grow-Old
Is the land of truth,
Where we count not the years
But the spirit of youth;
Where the night is just part
Of the glorious day;

THE LAND OF NEVER-GROW-OLD

Where everyone's busy and
All work is just play;
Where we work not for gold
But for love of the doing,
Without any thought of
The Reaper pursuing.

And all must work in the
Land of Never-Grow-Old,
For "Love-of-Work" is the
Gate to that land, we are told.
And all must strive and
Desire to live every day
To get all the fun that
Surely cometh our way.
We'll put our capital in
The Bank of Good Health,
For to live in that land
Is the greatest of wealth.

Oh, that glorious land is
A blessing for all,
But, too few of us live there,
By the way many fall.

Most of us drift and live
By the easiest way,
Content and satisfied
With the smallest of pay,
When by living for others,
Ah! that's the real gold,
We would all live in the
Land of Never-Grow-Old.

KEEP UNDER CONTROL

In the journey through life
There is more or less strife,
And it comes to you and to me,
To test and to try us
And ever defy us
To conquer, to win and be free.
So let's count the worries
As so many flurries,
For they cannot hurt a man's soul;
If we dig our toes in
And determine to win
And always keep under control.

There is friction, I know,
In a home that's "just so,"
But that is for smoothing the way
To closer connection
And deeper affection;
A home is not made in a day.
But, trusting each other,
Both Daddy and Mother,

KEEP UNDER CONTROL

As onward the years swiftly roll,
Forgetting, forgiving,
Will make life worth living,
And always keep under control.

To bask in the fame
As "king of the game,"
A hero of national renown,
In the sport of our land
It is harder to stand
The popular acclaim than the frown;
For the one thing to dread
Is the inflated head,
When you're at the top of the scroll,
So be silent with poise
And be one of the boys,
And always keep under control.

In every vocation
In human relation,
In business, profession or art,
In pleasure or work
It's dead easy to shirk,

So be in the game from the start.
Remember these morals,
"Don't stand on your laurels!"
"Success comes when you pay the toll!"
"Never weaken! Don't quit!"
"Build the man! Keep him fit!"
And always keep under control.

THANKFULNESS

We are all thankful for *some* things,
The thing that we like the best,
But the man thankful for *all* things
Is the man who is truly blest.

We are all thankful for pleasures
Where the joys of life seem to lurk,
But here's to the man who measures
His thanks in the joy of his work.

It's easy enough to give our thanks
When life is all sunshine; but when
Fate plays us her meanest pranks,
It is hard to be thankful then.

Oh, we all like the booster's gab,
The praise he so lavishly spreads,
But, can we give thanks for the stab
That tears all we've done into shreds?

THANKFULNESS

It's easy to thank those who praise us,
To bask in the limelight of fame,
But the man who'll persistently raise us
By knocking, can we thank him the same?

"Every knock is a boost," wise men say,
If we learn to adjust each time;
But boosting will often delay
Our onward and upward climb.

So, let us give thanks with a smile
And count adversities bump,
Which holds us back for a while,
But aids us in making the jump.

MY TWO FRIENDS

I have a friend who likes me best
When I've no favors to request;
When all my daily wants are met,
And business does not make me fret;
When wife and children all are well,
When I've no tale of woe to tell.
When I go wrong, he does not care,
He never tells me to beware,
He'd even lie to save me pain
To hear me laugh and sing again;
When troubles come, he's troubled too,
He never knows just what to do;
He does not borrow, does not lend;
You see, he's my Fair-weather friend.

I have another friend, to me
He's everything a friend should be;
When clouds are dark and overcast,
He doesn't wait till they are past,

But jumps right in to help me fight,
Help me control, then thinking right
I'll soon forget my sorrow.
He lends as quick as he will borrow,
He knows my faults, my virtues too,
I know he loves me through and through;
For when I'm wrong he tells me so
And makes me understand. I know
He would not lie for any end,
You see he is my truest friend.

FAUGH-A-BALLAGH!

Faugh-a-Ballagh! Clear the way!
The power of right has won the day,
The power of truth unfolds the dawn,
The power of God is marching on;
No earthly might that power can stay.
Faugh-a-Ballagh! Clear the way!

Let kings and queens and all their sons,
And super-men and privileged ones
Beware of what the years will bring,
Their day is done, they've had their fling;
The common man now rules today.
Faugh-a-Ballagh! Clear the way!

'Twas common man that bade war cease;
'Twas common man that wrote the peace.
And common man has made it plain
That war shall never come again—
And common man will have the say.
Faugh-a-Ballagh! Clear the way!

FAUGH-A-BALLAGH!

Gone is the dark and maddening night;
Yet, countless hordes are seeking light;
They grovel in the muck to find
True peace and happiness of mind.
Get us, look up, and see the day—
Faugh-a-Ballagh! Clear the way!

The progress of the world is sure,
And love shall reign and 'twill endure;
No nation, sect, or country can
Stop the momentum of God's plan.
A league of love will come to stay.
Faugh-a-Ballagh! Clear the way!

BONUS—WHAT FOR?

(*An Ex-Soldier Speaks*)

"Bonus, Hell! Yes, what the Hell for?
Oh, 'cause I fought in the war!
The State owes it to me? What rot!
I didn't fight for it, I fought
For my Country and for a cause,
For justice, to preserve God's laws.

"Yes, I lost that leg in the show,
But I'm not grieving much, oh, no,
For I gave my life when I went,
Not just a leg. I don't want a cent
For what I gave freely; I survive.
And to thank God that I am alive.

"Don't I think it would help the boys
To come back, and increase their joys?
Yes, joy might be theirs for a time;
But listen to this old Scotch rhyme,—
'For pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower the bloom is shed.'

BONUS—WHAT FOR?

"No! no! it will not do! It's wrong
To handicap men who are strong,
To take away their God-given right
To strive, to overcome, to fight,
And to win as other strong men do—
To build a life—a life that's true.

"Of course, the wounded and the sick
Ought to be cared for mighty quick,
Until they're well and strong again,
And fit to work and thus maintain
The high standard of their own country,
And be the men they ought to be.

"Every soldier who's a real man
Is dead against this bonus plan,
Because he knows, and it's no "kid,"
No cash can pay for what he did.
He wants a job and a chance to win,
And don't want any bonusin'!"

THE CHASE

At the sound of the horn,
Be it night or at morn,
The dogs are awake
And waiting with glee.
They voice their approval
At the tether's removal,
And scamper away,
Glad, glad to be free.

The horses are champing
And eagerly stamping,
We mount and follow
And join in the spree.
"Wee doggie, find 'em!
Wee doggie, find em!"
Says Dad, as we gallop
Along merrily.

Down the road we go,
Where the rushes grow,

THE CHASE

Fording the river
Then climbing the hill.
A call in the distance
Defies all resistance,
"That's Vic! And Stuart!
The scent is fresh still."

"A wildcat's their choice,
By the sound of Vic's voice.
There's Queen and Tip
And faster we follow
And the rest join the mill."
Along thro' the hollow,
Hurrying, scurrying,
On for the kill.

Out into the open,
They'll run him, we're hopin',
"Wee Doggie! Wee Doggie!
Get him!" says Dad,
And we charge o'er the hill
And around by the mill
And over the fence,
We leap it, by gad!

THE CHASE

Oh, the going is good
When we're clear of the wood,
The sight of the pack
Makes every heart glad;
And now they have got him,
And now they have caught him,
And now the great chase
Is over, my lad.

There is music galore
In a grand opera score;
There are many sports
Easy to play;
But give me a steed
With a two-forty speed
And a bunch of good fellows,
Jolly and gay.

With a wind blowing strong,
In my face fling the song
Of the pack in full tilt,
Aleap for the fray.
For the hunt and the chase,
With its musical pace
Is king of all sports,
Hurray! Hurray!

MAMOOSE

(Grandmother)

Who is she? You would never guess,
But, oh! she's sweet with loveliness,
And you would love her, same as I,
And never, never have to try.

But this is how Mamoose appears;
A lady, young with many years,
With sparkling eyes and silver hair,
And tender grace beyond compare.

Of all things that I could tell,
Mamoose has builded life so well,
That all who meet her love her too,
Because she loves to live for you.

Could I describe Mamoose to you,
And could I tell you all that's true,
I'd write the love of God divine
To tell of this sweetheart of mine.

GOD'S GARDEN

There's a land that was planned,
Yes, by God it was planned,
And it lies by the mouth
Of the old Rio Grande,
Where the silt of the mountain,
The plain and the hill
Have been sweeping for centuries
Into the fill;
Where the growth of the forest,
The tropical air,
And the glorious sun
Have been doing their share
In building a soil where
A Nation might rally
To establish *God's Garden,*
The Magic Valley.

There's a land that is fanned
By the mellow trade breeze

And immune from the dread
Of the cold Norther's freeze;
Where the waves of the sea,
As they glide to and fro,
Are so gentle and smooth
They have no undertow.
Where the sportsman may fish
To his heart's sweet content,
And the next day may hunt
Till with weariness spent,—
Where the planter may plant,
(The soil doesn't harden)
And be sure that his crops
Will mature in God's Garden.

There's a land that is manned
By a people who give
Of the best of their labors
That others may live;
Who unite to promote
The best interests of all
And who come with a rush
At a sick brother's call;
Who put love in their doing
And do what they love,

For they live by the laws
From the Power above.
Is it any small wonder
That one loves the land
In this Garden of God
By the old Rio Grande?

There's a land, O, so grand!
Best of all in the States,
The "Apex of the Nation,"
So Texas relates;
Like a top, the point
On which America spins
In the whirl of achievement,
So mighty she wins;
Or like the miner who washes
The dirt for the gold
Until he has found it
In the bottom, we're told,
So in this fair land,
Wealth and plenty abound,
God's Garden, vale of Magic
At last it is found!

WE BUILDED SHIPS

We builded ships to win the war,
To stop the cannon's deadly roar,
The screaming shell, the blasting mine,
The muddy trenches, line on line;
To stop the bullets' hellish whine,
And send the Boche across the Rhine—
We builded ships.

We builded ships to clear the seas
Of submarines, that foul disease
Of German Kultur's maddened brain,
By which the innocent were slain;
To make sure of the pirate's doom,
And sink him to his watery tomb—
We builded ships.

We builded ships to humble Huns,
The Kaiser and his slacker sons,
Von Hindenburg and Ludendorff,
Von Tirpitz at his U-boat wharf;

WE BUILDED SHIPS

To put the murderin' Hun to rout,
And wipe all trace of Kultur out—
We builded ships.

We builded ships to punish Huns
Who cruelly murdered little ones,
Who pillaged, raped, and then did slay
Young babes and mothers on their way.
To bring them to their bended knees
And stop all base atrocities—
We builded ships.

We builded ships to bring World's peace,
That war for evermore might cease,
To blend all nations, every clan
Into a brotherhood of man;
That our craft may sail the seven seas,
That our flag may float in every breeze—
We'll keep on building ships.

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

(An Answer)

In Flanders Fields the poppies bloom
Where standing crosses mark your tomb,
Where larks are gaily singing still,
But now we hear their skyward trill,
For all the guns have ceased to boom.

The crosses tell us you are dead,
But flaming poppies tell instead,
That you are living now anew
In hearts who caught the torch you threw
From Flanders Fields.

Though you are sleeping "Over There,"
We know that you are living here.
We loved you then, we love you still,
So long as poppies bloom, we will;
So long as larks sing in the air
In Flanders Fields.

LET POPPIES GROW

Let poppies grow in Freedom's land,
And let them bloom on every hand,
That all may see and understand,
And seeing—pause.
Let poppies grow a vivid red
In memory of our precious dead,
Who fought and fell where valor led
In freedom's cause.

Let poppies grow in every lane.
They tell of sacrifice and pain,
The bitter loss, the Heavenly gain
Of those who went.
Let poppies grow abundantly,
They tell the story lovingly,
Of how they served all willingly
And were content.

LET POPPIES GROW

Let poppies grow. The "Memory Flower"
To guide us in each darkened hour
Bids us to seek a Higher Power
From Heaven above.
Let poppies grow, and may we keep
Eternal faith with those who sleep
In battle-fields and ocean deep
Because of love.

TO A COOTIE

The greatest lessons oft are learned
From lowly creatures we have spurned,
And all great men will greater be
When they have learned humility.

From Iverness, a Scottish town,
Came Angus Fraser of renown;
The hero of this Cootie tale
Was known far o'er hill and dale.

He stood six two, was an athlete,
At games of skill he'd oft' compete.
He loved fair play, an honest deal,
A man of worth and true as steel.

The greatest war had just begun;
Great Britain called up every son
And sent them hurriedly to France
To stop the savage foe's advance.

TO A COOTIE

Now, some men fight because they must,
And some men fight for gain and lust,
And some men feel they are above it,
While others fight because they love it.

And Angus loved this fight, because
The German butcher broke the laws
Of Nations and with cursed pride
The laws of God and man defied.

He loved to shoot and shoot to slay,
Nor thought he had a perfect day
Unless he killed a half a score,
And often times he counted more.

His nerve was sure, his aim was straight,
His eagle-eye could penetrate
The battle-smoke-beclouded day
And pink a Boche a mile away.

The Germans learned his aim to dread,
A price was put upon his head;
"An Iron Cross who fires the shot
That kills this dang'rous sniping Scot."

TO A COOTIE

They tried their best to shoot him dead,
But wary Angus pumped instead
The bullets into Fritzie, prime,
And took his toll 'most every time.

When fighting days are all the same
The dreary grind grows very tame,
But He who doeth all things well
Sends Cooties to relieve the spell.

When Angus wasn't killing Hun
Or polishing his trusty gun,
He hunted Cooties in their lair
And wished them all some other where.

He would hunt and hunt and shake 'em,
But they'd stick; he couldn't make 'em
Budge at all. No, they simply wouldn't go
Because they seemed to love him so.

While on a vigorous hunt one day,
A lone wee Cootie thought he'd stay
And hide upon his bony leg
And take the Scottie down a peg.

TO A COOTIE

Cooties are not supposed to bite
When men are standing up to fight,
But this wee Cootie didn't care—
Bit Scottie's leg and made him swear.

It angered him, the Cottie's nip
Annoyed him so he couldn't snip;
He crouched to get the base marauder
When, crash! a noise that made him shudder.

A shot sped on its deadly way
Crashing into the chalky clay
Right back of where his head had been;
He'd ducked in time to save his skin.

He got the Cootie he was after
But didn't kill the little grafter;
Letting him lie in his hard rough hand,
He sat right down, too weak to stand.

That pellet of death had meant to slay,
But for the Coot he'd be on his way
Right now to the gate of St. Peter,
Yes, away to meet his Creator.

Trembling so he could scarcely speak,
He gently pressed the Coot to his cheek;
Wild thoughts were buzzing through his
head
"Thank God for you!" then Angus said.

"Yer a wee mite despised by man,
But Cooties belong in God's great plan;
So why should we think badly o' yer breed,
When a' ye're doin' is looking for yer feed?

"An' ye hunt yer feed in some queer places,
An' ye care not what the sex or race is,
But, what's on a lady's bonnit?
Surely there's no feed upon it.

" 'O wad some power the Giftie gi'e us
To see oursel's as ithers see us,'
Do ye mind? Bobbie Burns wrote that—
Seeing ye on the lassie's hat.

"That was before ye changed yer name
To Cootie; still, yer bite's the same,
And still the boys will call ye pest
When at yer work an' doin' yer best.

TO A COOTIE

"Ye came right to the boat to meet us;
I mind how well ye then did greet us,
An' weel I mind we tried to sleep,
On that first night we felt yer creep.

"We got acquainted 'fore the dawn,
An' cursed ye weel 'twixt yawn and yawn,
An' tried to find ye, but ye'd hid
In a safe place, ye naughty kid!

"Hid where not a Scot could find ye,
An' on the march we didn't mind ye,
No, you were sleeping snug an' quiet
To rest yersel' for work that night.

"Stayed an' knew ye were not wanted,
In the trench ye lived undaunted,
Ye heeded not the flash an' roar,
But worked away to bite the more.

"I didn't like ye then at a'
To the Hot Place condemned ye a'
But now I know, through a' this strife
That you were sent to save my life.

TO A COOTIE

"An' ye have saved my life the day,
An' I owe ye more than I can pay,
An' I owe my God wha' rules above
A closer fellowship and love.

"Cootie, I'll ne'er disturb ye more;
Whene'er ye're wantin' to explore
My leg, just bite an' help yersel'
An' I'll do naught but wish ye well.

"An' linger till a feast ye make;
An' if I begrudge the bites ye take,
I'll count mysel' the bigger sinner;
Noo, I'll put ye back to get yer dinner."

TEDDY AND THE ENEMY

Auld Father Time, 'tis you I mean,
Your picture I have of'en seen,
With long white beard, ye're tall and lean;
A stern auld man,
And with yer scythe ye cut us clean.
Aye, that's yer plan.

You snoop around upon the quiet,
And work away from morn till night,
And few there are who try to fight
When you are near;
They just give up and die o' fright
Ere you appear.

You're at your schemes to get us a'
From birth till we are white as snaw;
Disease with names as long 's your jaw
You're aye inventing,
The doctor with his knife and saw
Is whiles preventing.

A thousand other ways ye work
To cut the cord with sudden jerk;
Your favorite plan is aye to lurk
In war's black clouds;
'Tis there you take with shot and dirk
The folks in crowds.

You got your creel full at the war,
But was no' satisfied by far,
For when the cannon ceased to roar
(An' this is true)
You gave the world an awfu' jar
With the cursed flu.

Small wonder that the folk are feared,
They canna fight for being sceered,
But here's a man who wasn't smeared
With any fright;
When you came round his deck was cleared
For instant fight.

A weakling born was this braw lad;
His Holland father aye was sad

To see his start in life so bad;
But, growing steady,
His Scottish mother was so glad
She called him Teddy.

His mother helped him fight at first
As lovingly she gently nursed
Him through the childish ills that burst
Upon his youth,
And as he grew acquired a thirst
For right and truth.

Now, in his early college days
You tried to get him many ways;
You touched his lungs. He quit the maze
O' city street,
An' to the West he set his gaze
Yer wiles to beat.

On North Dakota's untamed land,
Where air is crisp and pure an' grand
He started with a cow-boy band
To gain his strength,
An' built a body that would stand
For any length.

Then to the wild and woolly West
Where mountains heave their snowy crest,
He trailed the grizzly to his nest,
An' thought it fun
To fight the noble brute wi' just
His dog an' gun.

So, Enemy, he fought ye clean
An' won his health that once had been
Despaired of; now his mind was keen
To study law,
That he might help the truth to glean
And right the flaw.

Then, step by step, he fought his way
To highest in his country's pay;
Where wieldin' the "big stick" each day,
The power of right,
He made each wrong an enemy
With which to fight.

Then steppin' down from that high place
Where he two terms had set the pace,

That those who followed had to face
An' try their best;
Ambition scorned wi' humble grace,
He sought a rest.

Lest some might think him no' sincere
He just pulled up and left them clear,.
An' went abroad to hunt the deer
And wilder beast
In Africa so dark an' drear,
Where black men feast.

At hunting there he proved his skill,
The fiercest beasts to stalk an' kill,
But, not for slaughter's sake, or will
To hunting fame;
He went for specimens, an' still
To play the game.

Arriving home he found a stew,
His party friends were feeling blue;
'Twas mutiny among the crew
In politics.
He soon discovered that a few
Had nasty tricks.

O, how he fought to right the wrong,
E'en bolted from his party strong,
And many staunch friends trailed along
Behind his lead,
And formed a great progressive throng
To set the speed.

While many men give up and quit,
With him 'twas just the opposite;
His one desire was to be fit
To fight an' win,
So, to the Amazon he lit
For rest again.

The doubtful river which he found
In Western Brazil's swampy ground
Where deadly fever germs abound
And kill strong men,
But Teddy didn't care a pound,
Went on explorin'.

TEDDY AND THE ENEMY

The war in Europe had begun
And Kaiser Bill amuck had run,
So Teddy offered every son,
Himself as well;
To raise a force to fight the Hun
And give them Hell.

No other man in Freedom's land
Who took more firm or staunch a stand
Against the ruthless, murdering band;
And it was when
They wouldn't let him fight by hand,
Fought with his pen.

Thus did the great American
On evil doing put the ban;
With flaming sword of justice fan
The atmosphere
Of doubt and wrong, and wisely plan
To make it clear.
Then came Ye forth, relentless, cold,
As ever Ye have done of old,

Ye measured him within Time's mold,
And set your plan.
And sought to garner to your fold
Our Master Man.

One day when morn was on the peep,
You called around and thought to reap;
But Angels watching o'er his sleep
Took him away;
America awoke to weep
On that sad day.

On stately Sagamore's wooded hill
The birds he loved are singing still;
There's reverence in the murmuring rill
That skirts the ground,
But, oh, there comes an awful chill;
He's no' around.

And yet we know he lives today,
Not in a mortal home of clay,

But in a grander, bigger way
To lead us on;
His vital influence we pray
Shall ne'er be gone.

Now all is love where some had hate,
E'en those who scoffed will oft relate
How well he ruled his earthly state,
A Godly man;
United all acclaim the Great
American!

JOHN BARLEYCORN, ADIEU!

John Barleycorn, a fond adieu;
Your enemies declare that you
Must disappear from view,
And gang awa'
To other parts with all yer crew,—
So, here's my paw.

Your cronies, John, will miss you sore,
For you were loved by rich and poor,
But now the law has barred the door
On its best friend.
The politicians will deplore
Hast'ning your end.

I'm just a poor lone Scottish bard
Who sang your praises by the yard;
My path through life was rough and hard,
But "oiled by thee"
'Twas made more smooth and my regard
I wrote to ye.

But, John, since then you've gathered faults,
For often ere you've left the vaults
You're doctored by dishonest malts
And other dope;
Or maybe it is Epsom Salts,
Or Laundry Soap.

'Tis then you rouse the base desire
In decent folk, and kindle fire
Within, which drags them in the mire;
O, awful stuff!
You're not worthy of your sire;
You're just a bluff.

You've fallen in with thieving thugs
Who've made you rotten with their drugs;
You're good for naught but painting mugs
And rousing passion.
You'd burn the inside out yer jugs;
You're a poor ration.

But, John, you are the blood of grain,
And if mixed with nothing else but rain

And brewed for love and not for gain
Or foolish fad,
You'd never cause the slightest pain
To any lad.

Yes, John, when you are right you cheer
The folk, and drive away their fear;
You stimulate when pure and clear
In any form.
But when you're mixed with acids queer
You raise a storm.

O mortal man, whate'er you make,
Be sure it has not any fake,
And made alone for its good's sake,
You will be blest;
A message to the world 'twill take
And pay you best.

STEEL, AMERICA'S NATIONAL CREAM

Oh, give me a job
Where the smelters roar,
Where the fiery monsters
Gulp the ore,
Where thundering furnaces
Rock the earth
In vigorous labor
To bring the birth
Of steel, where
America's National Cream
Sputters and flows
In a white-hot stream;
Where half-naked men
With ladles in hand
Hurry it off to its bed
In the waiting sand;
There, where the base
Of our wealth is laid,
There let me work
At my job and my trade.

STEEL, AMERICA'S CREAM

Oh, give me a job
In the rolling mill,
Where every day
Is a constant thrill,
Where the heat is Hell
By the furnace blast,
Where the work is heavy
And hard and fast,
Feeding the rolls with
Hot ingots of steel,
And making them eat
Their fiery meal,
Till it's shaped into rail,
Or bar or sheet,
And the blue-grey mass
Lies cold at my feet.
There, where our sinews
Of commerce are made,
There let me work at
My job and my trade.

Oh, give me a job
To work with the men
Who work and sweat, and
Go at it again;

STEEL, AMERICA'S CREAM

Men who work with a will,
And who will to work,
And who'll damn the ones
Who will try to shirk;
Men who put their hearts
In their task in hand;
Men who love their work
And who understand.
They are a part of
All things they create,
And goods with a soul
Make a nation great;
Men who work not alone
For what they're paid;
There let me work at
My job and my trade.

THE CHIEFEST

(A Tribute to Thomas A. Edison)

From early youth till
Glow of evening's sun,
Each day you have some
Worthy task begun;
Since first you learned the
Dot and dash of Morse,
You've wrestled with
Dame Nature's hidden force,
And many of her secrets
You did gain
And then controlled them
By your wizard brain.

As the conjurer waves
His magic wand,
The playthings of his art
Leap to respond,
So, too, you seemed to wave
Your wand on high,

But not to entertain
Or please the eye
Alone. You gave the wonders
Of your mind
To be of useful service
To mankind.

And now a million men
In different lands
Are working with the
Products of your hands.
And millions young and old
Their pleasure seek
From records that you made
To sing and speak.
And twice ten hundred million
O'er the earth
Turn night to day since
Your incandescent's birth.

For noble service to
The human race,
In every heart you've found
A lasting place,
Which you appreciate
And hold more dear

Than all the gold that
Came from far and near.
With fame and fortune
Effort did not cease,
But wisely planned your
Service to increase.

So, now we name you
Chiefest, Edison,
Your service measured by
The plan of One
Who taught the world
What service is, to give
Sincerely of our effort,
And to live
For others, not for things
To call our own;
Your monument of service
Stands alone.

The chiefest servant
Of them all, is he
Who plans his life to
Serve unsparingly;
Who sets his aim and
Life's ambition high,

Then works to fill the
Minutes as they fly,
With honest effort
To accomplish deeds
That benefit and serve
All human needs.

THOU'RT GONE, BUT SINGING STILL

Caruso, God of Song, golden voice,
Peer of tenors, the people's choice;
The happiness thou spread'st abroad
Bade men arise and seek their God.
Thou'rt gone, but singing still.

Caruso, King of Song, heart of hearts,
A goodly man of many parts;
Singing servant, singing friend,
A human soul in perfect blend,
Thou'rt gone, but singing still.

Caruso, Soul of Song, Italy's son,
But the heritage of everyone;
The world is better for thy song;
The world will love thee, Caruso, long.
Thou'rt gone, but singing still.

FISHING

Oh, I love to go a-fishing
Where the water is a-swishing
O'er the boulders and the
Pebbles in the stream;
Where the wary trout's a-hiding
For the flies that come a-gliding
'Mid the pearly bubbles
Dancing into cream.

Oh, I love to go a-wading
After trout to go a-raiding,
And to catch the speckled
Beauties with my fly;
And to hear the reel a-singing,
And to know he's still a-clinging,
As I land him in my
Basket by and by.

Oh, I love to go a-fishing
With a boy who is a-wishing
He can wander to the brook
And have a try;

FISHING

For he loves the joy of doing,
Of some worthy task pursuing,
And he loves to fish—
And, frankly, so do I.

Oh, a boy who is a-yearning
(When he's not at school a-learning)
For the active life in
God's "Great Out-o'-Doors"
Builds a body trim for striving,
There's no doubt of his arriving,
When he's percolating health
From all his pores.

GOD'S GREAT OUT-O'-DOORS

Glorious empire, majestic West,
National playland, richly blest,
Scenic grandeur beyond compare;
Climate equal to anywhere;
Soil as rich as any known;
Luscious fruits of earth are grown!

West land, best land!
Land of the mighty free!
Old land, gold land!
Land where I long to be!
Cheer land, dear land!
Land of sincerity!
Thy land, my land!
Love land for thee and me!

Eternal mountains, snowy peaked,
Virgin forests, silver streaked,
Dashing rivers, leaping falls,
"Come and live" it loudly calls;

"Play in my waters, conquer my hills,
Stay until the heart o' ye thrills."

Sun land, fun land!
Land of the perfect day!
Moon land, spoon land!
Land where the nights are gay!
Fair land, dare land!
Land where I long to stay!
Roam land, home land!
Love land for aye and aye!

SUNSET

Sunset, God's closing of the day.
Illumed in colorful array
More brilliant than the power of pen
Or swish of brush in hands of men
Can say. It glows and fades to rest.
God's promise written in the West.

I've seen the dawn in many lands,
From mountain peaks and silver sands,
O'er oceans blue and forests bleak
I've watched the day begin to streak,
But when "Old Sol" is dipping West
It seems to me I love it best.

When busy life of day is past,
A shimmering o'er the earth is cast;
The mellow rays of brilliant light,
More crimson-golden in their flight;
They glow and fade to lighter hue
As sinks His Majesty from view.

SUNSET

No grander sight could humans seek
Than sunset viewed from old Pike's Peak;
Surrounding crags lit up with flame,
The shadows flit as in a game,
Along the crest they take their flight,
As silence deepens into night.

At Great Salt Lake where Mormons rule,
The sun sets in a blazing pool;
The crimson orb plunged from the sky
Is spread upon the lake to lie,
Then kissing rippling waves good night,
It gradually sinks from out our sight.

While speeding at the close of day
Along Columbia's broad Highway,
Or through the Fruitland 'mong the hills,
Mt. Hood, Rainier, or Adams thrills
Us all with wonder and delight,
As sunset paints their peaks more bright.

I've seen the sun set on the plain,
I've seen the sun set after rain,
I've seen the sun set many times,
I've seen it set in many climes,

But, at the Cliff-House, Golden Gate,
I've seen it set in regal state.

As if the Master Artist took
The rainbow from its heavenly nook,
Resting in either hand each end
He crushed it all in perfect blend
Then sprayed it o'er the sea and sky;
A heavenly feast for human eye.

"God so loved the world," who doubt?
The sunset puts distrust to rout;
For, as the sun sets over there
It rises up some other where.
Life does not end with mortal clay,
God promises another day.

SINK THE SHIPS OF WAR

If war is Hell, then Hell is war,
And instruments of death that jar
The world with wholesale slaughter are
Far worse than Hell.
So let us sink the ships of war
And all is well.

If Nations were as sick of Hell
As mothers of the boys who fell,
They would unite to sound the knell
Of future wars.
So let us sink the ships, pell-mell!
With all their scars.

If business men the world around
Would trade in peace on common ground,
Not chase the Dollar and the Pound
For selfish gain,
They'd need more ships than could be found
And cause no pain.

SINK THE SHIPS OF WAR

If ships were built for peaceful trade,
And goods alone for service made,
A friendly feeling would be laid
Among the Nations;
And mighty warships then would grade
As useless rations.

Oh, leaders of the Nations, start
To decrease armament in part,
The prayer of every mother's heart
Is "Do it Well!"
Sink every warship with its chart
Deep down in Hell!

TO HARRY LAUDER

It's ten years noo
Since first ye came
With the smell o' heather
Frae yer hame,
Yer bonnet, kilt,
And crookit stick,
And a tongue like porridge,
Awfu' thick.

Ye thrilled us all
With song and tale,
Of mountain, glen
And flowery dale;
Of glorious deeds,
Of battles won,
Of purest love
And wholesome fun.

TO HARRY LAUDER

We loved your "Lass
O' Killicrankie;"
For "Daisy" we can
Hardly thank ye.
Your "Rosy Posy"
Was a queen,
But can't compare
With "Bonnie Jean."

"Maggie Tamson" and
"Jean MacNiel,"
"Lizzie Lindsay"
You loved so weel;
"Jean MacGregor,"
The bonnie lady,
You "Loved her since
She was a baby."

And when "Roamin'
In the Gloamin',"
Ach! you meant romancin',
'Stead of roamin',
For you hugged and kissed
Your "Kate McBride,"
When you were strollin'
Down the Clyde.

TO HARRY LAUDER

You had many lassies
In your time
And loved them all
In song and rhyme.
But, "I love a Lassie,"
You'll admit
Remains today
Your greatest hit.

We laughed till we
Could hardly talk
At "Stop yer tick,
Tick, ticklin', Jock!"
At "Doughie Baker"
With his pie,
At "Tobomory" and
"Jock MacKay."

"At the weddin' o'
Sandy MacNab"
It was "Here's to you
And yours," we'd blab;
We all got fu' and
Sang the chorus,
Of "Fu' the Noo" and
"Deoch and Dorus."

And you like
"To get up in the morn"
When you're no feeling
Tired and worn,
But on Sunday
You like instead
"To get yer breakfast
In yer bed."

And "He was
Very good to me,"
"The saftest o'
The family,"
When he was "Wearin'
Kilts" be-gosh
He'd whistle,
"Rob Roy MacIntosh."

When "We parted
On the shore"
"Wi' a British Bull Dog
At the door,"
"A sailor you
Would like to be"
"A-boundin' o'er
The boundin' sea."

TO HARRY LAUDER

Then we strolled
Along together
To the "Wee hoose
'Mang the heather;"
You sang that hymn,
Divine, a-flame!
It made us feel
"Like being at Hame."

'Twas songs like these
That brought you fame,
A well-filled purse,
An honored name;
But earthly thoughts
Your mind's above,
You sing your songs
Now just for love.

Yes, you sing for love,
And love to sing
For happiness
That it will bring;
The suffering that
The world's gone through
Was tempered by
These songs from you.

SIR HARRY LAUDER'S GREETING TO AMERICA

Hello, America!
Aye, I've jist come o'er the pond.
Mind noo, I'm tellin' ye, I like ye!
An' of yer siller, I'm downright fond.

It's no' so very long
Since I had a farewell tour,
But now I'm on another one,
Because I'm feelin' poor.

Of course I canna help that,
Because I am a Scot.
You know, that's one of our failin's
To feel poor when we're not.

But that's no a' I like ye for,
Ye ken that weel, 'tis true,
There are stronger bonds than siller
That binds my heart to you.

SIR HARRY LAUDER'S GREETING

It's the sacrifice ye made
In the fight across the sea,
When ye helped to light the world
With the torch of Liberty.

It's the friendships I have made
In travelling here and there;
Around aboot yer country
My friends are everywhere.

Yer welcome aye is hearty.
The man who comes to your land
To live in peace and plenty
Will find it on every hand.

Aye, the blood of all of Europe
Is blending over here
In harmony and love
Without the slightest fear.

The borders o' your states
Are open for a' to pass,
Ye freely trade together
And have no privileged class.

SIR HARRY LAUDER'S GREETING

Would to God that Europe
  Would pattern your condition,
And understand each other
  With far, far less suspicion!

So let us speed the day
  When Nations need no armament,
But that of trust and tolerance,
  Beneath God's firmament.

JOHN BARLEYCORN AT SEA

Well, well! John, that's news to me.
Dame Rumor tells me truthfully
That you are prospering handsomely
Upon the Deep,
Defying laws right openly
That you should keep.

The last I heard o' you, my friend,
You were that sick and near your end.
But now I hear you're on the mend
And doing fine.
So, greetings to you now I send,
For Auld Lang Syne.

When folks are sick or have the pip,
The Medicoes advise a trip—
A change of air aboard a ship
To make them well;
So you have given the law the slip
To right yoursel'.

But Yankee ships are no for you,
No matter where upon the blue;
Do you not know the "Righteous Few"
Have sworn to drive
You from the ships of Freedom, too?
How dare you thrive?

How dare you live? You're in disgrace,
How dare you show your cheery face?
The "Holy Willies" say your place
Is down below.
Take care, you'll get the Volstead chase
Before you know.

"Ach! calm yoursel'," says John to me,
"I'm strong and brave and bold and free,
A friend to all who will agree
To use me right.
But when I am abused you'll see
Me roused for fight.

"I know not why the laws of man
Should try to alter Nature's plan.

JOHN BARLEYCORN AT SEA

Why don't the laws severely scan
And punish those
Who drench themselves in jug and can,
Or use a hose?

"I live by Nature's law alone.
When fully ripe and fully grown
I mellow hearts as cold as stone
And give them life.
I love to aid those who bemoan
This bitter strife.

"Now some men say that I destroy.
Well, I'll admit I'm not a toy
To be around a beardless boy;
But I disdain
To slay or hurt or e'en annoy
Or cause a pain.

"I am the very life of corn,
The concentrated life, and born
To aid the weary, sad and worn,
And stimulate;
To be a hypocrite, I'd scorn
At any rate."

THE LAW

What is the law? You may well ask.
To tell ye true's an awfu' task.
I would not lie or even bask
In its safe niche.
But some men use it as a mask
To make them rich.

Man makes his law to serve his will;
To shelter some, and others kill;
And uses it for legal swill
To feed the mob,
Who seek an easy life to fill
A public job.

Thus do the Legalizers work
Appointing men they know will shirk,
And give the law the wink and smirk
And juggle it;
And when they want a drink, a clerk
Will smuggle it.

THE LAW

What is the law? Now hear me true
There is a law for me and you
That works for all, not just a few,
And we must strive
To understand its workings, too,
To live and thrive.

God's law was made for man, and he
Must try to live accordingly.
No man-made law can ever be
Obeyed at a'
If it is not in harmony
With Nature's law.

The laws of man, if laws we need
To bolster up our Maker's creed,
Should be to educate and lead
Men to do right;
But laws to regulate his feed
Will cause a fight.

The law of God is balance, and
In doing what we understand

THE LAW

Is right. No matter where men stand,
The law is mind.
Transgress, the law will then demand
Its price in kind.

Now listen here, you'll get your fill;
The human body is a still
For alcohol it makes at will
From certain food,
And uses it to speed the mill
And does us good.

And alcohol is life—'tis power,
And Nature gives to us a shower
So generous from out her bower
For us to use.
God help us use this heavenly dower,
And not abuse.

TEMPERANCE

Hear me now and cease your rage,
You who would convert the age,
No truer word by any sage
Is given.
"Let temperance rule and be your gauge
In livin'."

What is the meaning o' the word?
To live above the common herd
And be a righteous prude? Absurd!
Our God is good!
Such folk are not by Him preferred,
Is understood.

Such creatures are like flinty stone,
Their hearts are centered in their own,
They never let the human tone
Come in their breast.
They think because they live alone,
They are the best.

And on the other hand I've seen
The human beast, the harlot queen,
The lazy, indolent and mean
Who seek excess.
They know not what they might have been,
And they care less.

Temperance is old Nature's code
To aid mankind along the road
Of life, and lift from all the load
Of weariness,
And lead us up to that abode
Of cheeriness.

Now temperance, some men think,
Refers to abstinence from drink;
But they are wrong; why do they wink
At what is true?
Temperance is the middle link,
Twixt me and you.

Indulge too much in anything,
We do not then to temperance cling,
In work or play or even sing
We can transgress.
So, be temperate in everything
And not digress.

"THAT'S HOW YOU FIXED IT"

(A Tribute to Frank Bacon)

Dear old lovable "Lightnin' Bill,"
American type of a hard old pill,
Shuffling, aimless, easy and free,
A ne'er-do-well apparently,
But something 'neath your rough old hide
Made people love you till they cried.
That's how you fixed it.

Momentous work you had to do,
Which worried mother, never you.
From hotel owner, man of ease,
To carryin' mail and drivin' bees;
It mattered not what came to hand,
From Railroad's bluff to Court's command,
Somehow you'd fix it.

Your character ran true to type;
Waitin' till the time was ripe,

"THAT'S HOW YOU FIXED IT"

With bluff and graft in merry chase
You led 'em on, nor changed your pace
Till entangled in their own intrigue
You then destroyed their vicious league.
That's how you fixed it.

Few could understand your grace
Or penetrate your smiling face;
They called you "Lightnin',"—didn't know
Your ways were sure, however slow;
Your shafts of homely, brilliant wit
Like lightning broke the gloom a bit.
That's how you fixed it.

America, with her many broods,
Is bound to have as many moods;
She holds aloof from world affairs,—
She'll not be taken unawares,
But when the nations wash their hands
Of blood and hate, she understands,
And then she'll fix it.

Frank Bacon, you are silent now,
But to your genius all must bow;

"THAT'S HOW YOU FIXED IT"

In "Lightnin' Bill" you'll live for aye,
America will richly pay
For your portrayal of her mood,
Because you loved and understood.
That's how you fixed it.

TO EDDY GUEST

The folks have gathered nation-wide
To honor your poetic stride;
"Just Folks" that's all we hope to be,
The folks you write of lovingly,
Mother, Bud, and Sister Sally,—
The folks who live down in your alley.

You came to us long years ago,
And you have never ceased to grow
In understanding of our folks;
With virile verse and simple jokes,
You held us up to our own view
And urged improvement through and through.

The many sermons that you've preached,
The many aching hearts you've reached,
The many lessons that you've taught,
The many battles that you've fought
Each day with us in homely rhyme,—
Have lifted us to heights sublime.

TO EDDY GUEST

There is no other task so grand
As making people understand,
There comes no greater joy to men
Than happiness won by the pen;
And the crowning of our daily labors
Is to be loved by one's own neighbors.

A WISH

Like the immortal Scottish poet
Who dipped his pen in love and wrote,
"O, would that I a verse could make,
Or sing a song for Scotland's sake,"
So, too, would I that wish proclaim,
That I might sing and write the same.

And still another wish I've got,
To tell the humor of the Scot
In manner easily understood,
That all may smile and say, "That's good."
For Scottish humor is as dry,
And full of chuckles as a pie.

And though I've never seen her hills,
Or heard the tinkle of her rills,
Or heard the mavis in the morn,
Or smelt the bonnie white hawthorn,
I wish that I could see and hear
The things that make Old Scotland dear.

IF I WERE A FOREMAN

If I were a foreman I'd learn to know
That my position was a chance to grow;
I'd try to understand men who work,
To direct their efforts that none should shirk.

If I were a foreman I'd always lead,
I would never drive to attain more speed;
Workmen are human, and humans must love,
And they'll do more work when there is no
shove.

If I were a foreman I'd play the game,
Be as ready to praise as I was to blame,
Be sincere and just and never a snob,
But above all else I'd be on the job.

If I were a foreman, this truth I'd learn,
That I was the key to the whole concern,
And that harmony of the whole depends
On my leadership of my working friends.

WILL TO WIN!

Arise! and join me in this song
To cheer us as we speed along,
A song that will to all reveal
The nobler thought, the kindlier feel
Of man to man in each dark hour,
A song of trust, a song of power
To stir the very soul within
To hold the thought of Will to Win!

"Be not afraid!" He did command;
"Peace be still," and with His hand
Soothed the heaving sea to rest,
Driving the fear from out each breast;
So, He who calms the sea at will
Is watching o'er His people still,
Inspires each heart not to give in,
Trust, have faith and Will to Win!

WILL TO WIN!

Will to win! and win we must,
Our motto still "In God we trust!"
Be happy, gay, rejoice and sing
Around the wide world make it ring,
In God we trust for victory
O'er self and lust. We shall be free!
No doubt or failure enters in,
We'll win because we Will to Win!

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Sept. 2009

PreservationTechnologies
A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION
111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 015 938 076 2